

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

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A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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DAMASCUS.

THE CALL OF THE BELL.

LISTEN, children, soon you'll hear
Bells a-ringing, far and near.
This is what I think they'll say:
"School begins again to-day.
Welcome! little boys and girls,
Black eyes, blue eyes, caps and curls:
Bring your pencils, books, and slates,
Sing and read and write and spell,
Study every lesson well."

ANNA M. PRATT.

A drop of ink may make a million think.

BYRON.

For Every Other Sunday.

AUDUBON, THE FRIEND OF BIRDS.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

ON the 4th of May, 1780, in Louisiana was born a boy, John James Audubon, who was to open a new doorway of delight to many minds. His father was a French naval officer and his mother of Spanish blood; and, while Audubon was still a small child, they went to San Domingo to live. Their sojourn here was short, and darkened by a heavy sorrow; for the young mother met a tragic death, killed during an uprising of the slaves. The father escaped with his little son, and returned to Louisiana. Here the

child found his love of Nature and her winged children fully gratified, for Louisiana was full of swamps and cypress woods and wild untrodden places. The lovely golden warblers nested in the old willows, and the dear little ground doves cooed under the orange boughs; while yellow "Mr. Woodpecker" (or *Monsieur Pique-Bois Jaune*), as the French children called him, kept up a merry tap, rap, tap, on the tree-trunks. The thickly tangled swamps were full of large and scarlet crested and cockaded woodpeckers of various sorts, flashing in and out, and sounding a ringing *réveillé*.

But Audubon's father did not remain many years in Louisiana. He went to France, married again, and gained high rank in the French navy. His son was much indulged by the new mother, and during the father's absence he often neglected his lessons, and roamed through the fields and woods with other lads, fishing, shooting, or hunting for birds' nests. He carried a basket of lunch, and always brought it home full of flowers, lichens, birds' eggs, or curious stones gathered by some little brook. His father did not like this way of spending his time, so he sent him away to a school at Rochelle, where he learned drawing, natural science, and music with eager interest, especially drawing. He took lessons, it is said, from the famous David; but I do not know whether it was at this time. He resolved to make drawings of the birds in France; and, whenever he went home, his holidays were spent in studying these in their native haunts in the forest or by the waterside. Already it gave him the greatest delight to examine the nests, eggs, and traits of bird-life.

When old enough to enter the army, his father sent him to America, where he owned a mill property near Schnykill Falls. He married in a few years an English girl, Lucy Bakewell, who never failed him either in warm sympathy or untiring effort to aid his pursuits. His attempts at business in Kentucky after his marriage were naturally a failure; for he would desert his train of pack-horses loaded with money and goods at any moment, to watch the movements of a new warbler. He was forced to teach drawing, fencing, and even to give dancing lessons to procure daily bread; but he never forgot the birds. His exceedingly temperate and frugal life secured health and strength fortunately for his long tramps; and, whenever he could escape into the woods, he returned to his favorite study. He and his wife went down the rivers together, stopping whenever they saw an unfamiliar wing or heard a strange note. Even in his deepest troubles, he says, he "never for one day gave up listening to the songs of our birds, or watching their peculiar habits, or delineating them in the best way I could."

His deep religious faith brought him comfort. "Many a time, at the sound of the wood-thrush's melodies, have I fallen on my knees, and prayed earnestly to our God." The Father, before Whom *not one* of His tiny birds is ever forgotten,

cared for this human child; and never did he arise without new strength in his heart.

He had a great work on hand. Even while he was struggling, by drawing portraits in black crayon at five dollars each and by giving lessons in the various accomplishments of his day, to raise a fund, it was not merely for a livelihood, but to obtain the means of carrying his wonderful illustrated "Birds of North America" to Europe, and there get subscribers among persons of wealth for its publication. It was in great measure due to his wife's unselfish and heroic efforts that he succeeded at last, and sailed for England in April, 1826.

In order to understand the magnitude of this work, we must remember that hardly a day had passed since his marriage without drawing a picture of a bird or noting its habits. For to his feeling heart the bird was not only a scientific study: he sympathized with its ardent love for its little mate, its tender solicitude for the nestlings and courage in their defence, and its passionate joy in freedom and light. The thrush and robin were truly his winged brothers, and he worshipped the Creator in his delight over the innocent creature. So these pictures were not only accurate and life-size drawings, they were full of spirit and fire; and the background gave the bird's true home, the trees and berries it loved, the scenes it frequented. It was an epitome of the bird's individual life and character. He always took pains to paint a bird, if possible, on the very spot where he discovered it, and sought to finish its portrait while the first impression was vivid and strong, sometimes working even fourteen hours at one sitting. There were no less than 1,065 birds painted in the eighty-seven parts of his book; and the cost of one copy was little less than a thousand dollars.

The instant and eager recognition of the value of his beautiful life-work must have been a keen joy to his affectionate nature. In all the great cities—in Liverpool, London, Edinburgh, and in Cambridge—the most famous naturalists and artists greeted him as a master of their lore and craft. In France, Cuvier called his work the finest of its kind in existence; while Gerard, a renowned portrait-painter, looked at his picture of mocking-birds, and exclaimed, "We are all children compared with you!" It was deserved praise, for Audubon's birds live upon his pages.

"Gallant and gay in their doublets gray,
All in a flash, like the darting of flame,"

his swallows appear; and his wrens building in an old hat are the merry, busy little wrenkins of our daily acquaintance. Every dainty marking or sheen of color has its true appreciation from his skilful fingers. No cavalier's garb of Van Dyck's is more carefully portrayed than these

"Doublets of gray silks and surcoats of purple,
The ruff of scarlet round each little throat,"

that some of his winged sitters display.

After three years abroad Audubon returned to America, but not to be idle. In 1833 he was in Labrador, studying the birds of the far northern lands; and ten years later, on the Missouri River, he was gathering materials for another great work, on the "Quadrupeds of North America." But he was able now by his hard-earned labors to live in comfort with his family, at a beautiful home on the Hudson River, in the intervals of his work and travel; and here he died in 1851, with those he loved beside him. It is pleasant to think of him in this fair and quiet home of his old age, with the river-birds to watch from shore, and the "sweet jargonning" of robin, thrush, and bluebird from orchard and field and garden. We may be sure the oriole hung its pendent nest from his boughs and the blackbird piped its clearest whistle for his

ears in spring; for he had the blessing of eyes ever open to see, and ears ready to hear the beauty and the melody our Father in heaven has given so richly to His children on earth.

Another blessing was his that may be ours also, if we will,—the heart ever open to feelings of sympathy and kindness, the blessing of the merciful. For our Father has placed these living creatures in our power that we may, like Him, show mercy upon them. "*The Lord God careth for both man and beast.*"

Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in everybody's reach; and, though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more.

COLERIDGE.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE WEE BIRD'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

I HEARD a wee bird singing,
Or trying so to sing.
The woodlands then were ringing
With songsters of the spring;
But it, a little fellow,
Could only try its tone
In piping faint and mellow,
Wherein no song was shown.

And shall I give up trying?
I seemed to hear it say.
Its mother's no, replying,
Keep on, my dear, to-day,
And keep you on to-morrow,
At last you'll find your voice:
From me the tones you'll borrow,
And then you will rejoice.

And so it was in summer
I heard the wee one sing
As brave as the new-comer
That greeted us in spring;
For this is all the story
Of any gift or gain:
The way to any glory
Is, Strive, and you'll attain.

For Every Other Sunday.

AN "OUT OF SCHOOL" LESSON

BY HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

CHARLIE PENHURST lived in a small village, where all the people knew all the other people, and if a baby had the croup in the night, or an old lady slipped and fell on her way home from prayer-meeting, every one in the village knew it before noon the next day. And, if a child was more than usually naughty at school, every one knew that, too, and just what the teacher said or did about it. And, if a child was especially good, they knew that, too; and as Charlie always looked smiling and happy, and minded quickly, they called him "good little Charlie Penhurst."

One morning, as Charlie started to school, the lady living next door, whose name was Plummer, put her head out of the window, and called:—

"Charlie! Charlie! Will you stop at the store on your way, and tell Mr. Gadsby to send me a bag of flour right off? I'm all out."

Charlie smiled, as he always did when people asked him to do things, and promised to give the message.

Now it was just two days before the Fourth of July, and the village was going to get up a celebration, and Charlie's mamma had promised that he should ride in a big wagon with some other little

boys and girls, who were all going to carry flags and sing; and, before Charlie reached the store, he met one of the little boys, who told him that they had to wear blue trousers and white blouses and red belts. Charlie hadn't any blue trousers and red belt; and he was so afraid that his mamma couldn't get them made in time that all his mind went to thinking about that, and he forgot all about the flour! He didn't even think of it as he ran past the store on his way home at noon, he was in such a hurry to ask his mamma about the trousers and belt. But, as he passed Mrs. Plummer's, her window went up again.

"Charlie!" she called, "O Charlie Penhurst! Did you tell Mr. Gadsby about the flour? He hasn't sent it up."

My! what a thump Charlie's heart gave! and almost before he knew it, as if his tongue belonged to some one else, it had answered, "Yes, ma-am," and he was hurrying on home.

Now it was very strange that a little boy who had always been so good could tell a lie; but the strangest thing of all was that, when he began to think about it, it didn't at first seem to him to be a real lie, like what naughty little boys told: he thought of himself as being such a good little boy that somehow it seemed to him that it must be different. He had heard people say, "You can trust Charlie Penhurst with an errand as if he were grown up"; and it seemed to him important that no one should know he had forgotten, and he thought,—

"I'll stop as I go back this noon, and tell Mr. Gadsby to hurry right up with the flour; and then it'll be about the same, anyway, because I truly meant to tell him this morning."

So Charlie tried to think he had fixed things up pretty well, and began to tell his mamma about the trousers and belt. But, when he started back to school, he felt somehow as if he didn't want to see Mrs. Plummer. So he went by a way that didn't pass her gate. But either it was longer than he had thought or his mamma's clock was slow; for, just before he reached the store, the school bell began to ring, and, forgetting everything but the fear of being late, he started to run, and did not stop until he reached the school-house, just in time not to be marked tardy. Charlie had never had a late mark, and coming so near it frightened him so that he couldn't think of anything else for a few minutes; but after school began he remembered the flour. He felt so badly that he could hardly keep the tears back all the afternoon, and the minute school closed he ran to the store (as fast as he had run past it when the bell rang at noon) but at the door, just coming out, he met Mrs. Plummer herself!

He saw by her face that she knew all about it; and, without waiting for her to speak, he turned and ran, never stopping till he threw himself into his mamma's arms. She was working on the blue trousers; but he didn't care for them now, and was crying too hard to see them. He had choked his cry down till he reached his own gate, but then it all burst out. Charlie hardly ever cried, and it frightened Mrs. Penhurst very much.

"Tell me, dear, what it is, right away," she said anxiously, taking him on her knee and kissing him. "Tell me all about it."

And so Charlie told, as well as he could for sobbing, all that had happened. "And, O mamma," he said, as he ended the story, "she'll think I don't tell the truth! And Mr. Gadsby'll think so, too, and everybody!"

Mrs. Penhurst looked very grave and sad.

"Did you tell the truth, Charlie?" she said, very slowly, looking hard into his eyes.

"N-no, ma-am, but you see," he began; but his mamma stopped him.

"What I see, Charlie," she said, "is that my

little boy cares more to have people think he is good than to be good." And then she explained to him that people who tell falsehoods always have some reason or excuse for telling them, and that his was just like the rest. She told him, too, that the people who think themselves too good to do wrong are sometimes most easily caught by a sudden temptation. "And now, Charlie," she said, "I think you will be happier to go right to Mrs. Plummer and tell her how sorry you are for forgetting, and for not telling the truth, and because she had to wait so long for the flour."

Now this seemed to Charlie the very hardest thing in all the world to do, for he felt as if he just wanted to run away from Mrs. Plummer all the rest of his life. And he couldn't understand why his mamma used the word "happy" in talking about it; but he knew it was what he ought to do, and he was so truly sorry for having done wrong, and so determined to begin right away to do right, that he went. And, as he ran home, after Mrs. Plummer had kissed him, and told him she was sure he would never say what was not true again, he understood why his mamma had said he would be happier for going.

THIS story is told of Sir Walter Scott, who was far from being a brilliant pupil at school. After he became famous, he one day dropped into his old school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the writer, and put the pupils through their lessons so as to show them to the best advantage. After a while Scott said: "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely? Show him to me." The teacher called up a poor little fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he came bashfully toward the distinguished visitor. "Are you the dunce?" asked Scott. "Yes, sir," said the boy. "Well, my good fellow," said Scott, "here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."

Primary Education.

For Every Other Sunday.

A LITTLE KING'S SON.

BY ALICE T. THAYR.

LITTLE Jasper looked longingly toward the closed door of the parlor, and wished the meeting would hurry up and end. He had been waiting there such a long time.

His face brightened as he heard them singing; and he jumped up from the hassock where he had been sitting, and ran into the room. Cora always let him come in at the close of the meeting, after the business was over.

"I wish you'd let me join," he begged, as he helped them pick up the bits of calico, from the work they had been doing. "I'd just love to be a King's Daughter; and I can do lots of things to help, mamma says I can. I wish you would."

He looked at them wistfully. It would be very nice to belong to this circle of girls, and do nice things for people, and carry flowers and jelly, and wear the little silver cross. That was the best of all.

His lips trembled with eagerness. "Please," he begged.

The girls looked at each other, and smiled.

"You are a dear good little boy," the president said, bending to kiss his pink chubby face; "and we love to have you come in afterward. But we are all girls, and you are a boy; and so you couldn't be a King's Daughter, don't you see?"

Jasper's face fell. "I could be a King's Son," he suggested hopefully. "Don't you s'pose a son would be just as good as a daughter, if I worked real hard?"

"We might make him an honorary member,"

the secretary said. "Would you like to be an honorary member, Jasper?"

Jasper looked doubtful. "Would that be a real King's Daughter?" he asked. "Could I be really and truly one, and do things?" His face shone with eagerness.

"He's a dreadful naughty boy sometimes," Cora said regretfully. "I don't think it will do to make him an honorary member just yet. Perhaps he'll try and be good, and then we can let him come in. It wouldn't look right to see the silver cross on a boy when he was angry, would it?"

"No," the girls agreed, "that wouldn't be the thing at all."

Jasper started to cry. Everybody was naughty sometimes, and he didn't believe he was any worse than the others.

Then he suddenly thought: Perhaps not crying would help him to be a King's Son. Maybe that was one of the things he had to do; and he was going to be a King's Son, anyway.

So he tried to forget about it, and helped the girls put away the chairs and hunt up rubbers. He was very useful doing this, because he was so small he could crawl under the bed and get those that had got kicked there by mistake.

He came up quite flushed and breathless and somewhat dusty. But it was helping, and that was a good deal. He could help them, even if he couldn't join.

Jasper was not at the next meeting. The girls missed him.

"It really doesn't seem like a meeting without him," Jennie said as they started to go. "Do you suppose he is mad because we wouldn't let him join?"

"No," Cora answered. "He has gone off somewhere, and something must have kept him. He has been very good since the last meeting. I think the thought of trying to be a King's Son has helped him. He doesn't get half as angry, and it is almost funny to see him when he begins to get mad and then remembers. We shall have to let him join by the next meeting, I guess."

So the circle broke up, and Jasper did not appear. They met him just coming around the corner. He was walking very slowly, and there was a long scratch on his cheek and the blood was trickling down on to his torn blouse.

"He was in a fight," Charlie Bassett explained, "and he got licked 'cause he didn't know how to fight."

"Yes, I did, too," Jasper asserted stoutly. "I could have pounded him awful, only"—He looked at the girls.

"It was a cat," Charlie said. "Ned Tucker was plaguing it, and Jasper just went for him."

"I just told him to stop," Jasper interrupted, "cause he was hurting the cat, and it was mean."

"And then Ned went for him," Charlie continued, "and called him names and hurt him pretty bad, only Jasper just wouldn't fight. He's an awful coward."

Big tears stood in Jasper's eyes. "I couldn't, you know, with this," he said timidly to the girls. He fingered a little cross cut out of tin, fastened with a shoe-string through his button-hole. "I'm trying to be a King's Son, you know," he explained.

The president of the King's Daughters bent and kissed him. "I think that you are a King's Son already," she said tenderly.

The sages and heroes of history are receding from us, and history contracts the record of their deeds into a narrow and narrower page. But time has no power over the name and deeds and words of Jesus Christ.

CHANNING.

MODERN GRANDMOTHERS.

You "wonder where they've gone to, those grandmothers of yore,
With such quaint old nursery jingles that we
always cry for more,
With their spectacles and aprons and their ruffled
muslin caps,
And their puffs of snowy hair and their broad,
enticing laps?"

Why, they've gone, dear, with the children of those
old and happy days,
When little ones were little ones, in thoughts and
acts and ways;
When everything was different and simpler lives
were led.

Those days are gone, "the times have changed":
with that the whole is said.

The grandma of the "modern child" must crimp
and talk and dress:

If not, I fear the modern child might love her
grandma less.

For lads and lassies of these days are critical, I
ween:

With a grandmother of "ye olden time" they
wouldn't once be seen.

But, after all, beneath the dress,—and this we
won't forget,—

That grandma's grandma now as then, her love is
ours yet.

And if the children turn to her, demand her love
and care,

They'll find that underneath it all, the grandma's
always there.

Boston Transcript

ROYAL TRAINING.

THE emperor of Germany is training his six
little sons in the most Spartan fashion.

Perhaps an account of their daily tasks
may be the best practical illustration of the modern
education of future monarchs.

At six o'clock in summer and seven in winter
the little princes must get up promptly; and the
empress superintends their breakfast, which con-
sists only and invariably of tea and bread and
butter. As soon as it is over, lessons begin; and
the best of teachers instruct each young prince
separately, only the youngest two having lessons to-
gether. At about half-past nine a little more bread
and butter is eaten, and then recitations recom-
mence; and these, with drill and military exercises,
fill the time until one o'clock, when lunch is served,
and the emperor comes in and sits down with his
boys, and finds out from their tutors how the day's
work has been done. If the young princes have
failed in their lessons, punishment is sure and
speedy; for William II. is a strict disciplinarian.
After dinner comes the only recreation time
of the day, an hour and a half. Then science
and music until six o'clock. The boys are taught
the violin and piano, the crown prince being al-
ready a fair player on both.

The emperor oversees his children's education
with tireless and minute care, and chooses not
only their tutors, but also the tutors of every
princely family in the whole German confederation,
not always, it is said, to the satisfaction of
the families themselves, but probably to the benefit
of their children; for the emperor's ideas of educa-
tion are thoroughly wholesome and sound. He
is a firm believer in religious instruction.

PRISCILLA LEONARD, in *Wellspring*.

*The great standard of literature as to purity
and exactness of style is the Bible.* BLAIR.

For Every Other Sunday.

SOME LIVELY THORNS.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

I DO not know when I had ever owned a growing thing that gave me such delight as the beautiful bittersweet vine that climbed so luxuriantly in and out of the wire trellis by the front porch. Among the leaves nestled clusters of large, green, currant-like fruits, that when full grown glowed with a rich yellow hue. In the autumn these golden globes burst open, showing a collection of scarlet-coated seeds.

One day in July Neddie came running into the house. "O mamma," he cried, "your vine, your pretty vine, is growing thorns that crawl. Do come and see them, quick."

I needed no further urging, and was soon trying to solve the mystery.

There they were, those dark brown thorns, each bearing two yellowish spots; but how did they come on the bittersweet, and when?

Just above my head, on a thick stem, was a cluster of two; and close within reach fully a dozen were grouped together, forming a regular family circle.

As I put forth a finger to touch these seeming thorns, to my surprise they swiftly glided out of sight.

Over and over again I tried the same experiment on various thorns scattered upon the vine, and they all vanished.

Cousin Tom, who had brought this treasure from England for my especial benefit, was swinging lazily in a hammock under the maple-tree. So Ned and I appointed ourselves a committee of two to interview him and see if he could throw any light upon the subject.

Of course, he had his beloved microscope in his pocket; and by its aid we found our thorns to be living things, that looked like odd birds with long necks and drooping tails.

No sooner did we touch a head than, with a queer little click, the spry insect spread its wings and was off.

The tall neck, that we thought a thorn, was really a sort of helmet, which fitted over the back of the creature like the peaked roof of a house. Closely clinging wings covered the sides of the slope. Beneath the edges of these were two pairs of stout legs. There was a third pair quite far behind, that the creature used for leaping.

The tree-hopper has no jaws, only a beak with which he sucks the sap, that forms his food, from the vine.

Wherever these hoppers were, tufts of cotton seemed to spring up as if by magic. We investigated one to satisfy our curiosity, and found the cotton to be a frothy shell, having two hollow rooms. Cousin Tom told us that mamma hopper, whose scientific name is "Membracis," lays her eggs in the tender green bark of the vine, then drops glistening froth over the spot till it forms a puffy roll.

As the eggs are laid late in the summer, the wise mother builds this pavilion about her children to shelter them from the storms of winter. Early in July the tiny hoppers crawl from their egg bedrooms, and, creeping out of their cotton homes, live among the green stems. Truly, the creations of God are wonderful.



A RACE BY THE SEA.

NELLY.

NELLY sat under the apple-tree,
And watched the shadows of leaves at play,
And heard the hum of the honey-bee
Gathering sweets through the sunny day.

Nelly's brown hands in her lap were laid;
Her head inclined with a gentle grace;
A wandering squirrel was not afraid
To stop and peer in her quiet face

Nelly was full of a pure delight,
Born of the beauty of earth and sky,
Of the wavering boughs and the sunshine bright,
And the snowy clouds that went sailing by.

Nelly forgot that her dress was old,
Her hands were rough, and her feet were bare;
For round her the sunlight poured its gold,
And her cheeks were kissed by the summer air.

And the distant hills in their glory lay,
And soft to her ear came the robin's call:
'Twas sweet to live on that summer day,
For the smile of God was over all.

And Nelly was learning the lesson sweet
That, when the spirit is full of care,
And we long our Father and God to meet,
We may go to nature, and find Him there.

Selected.

MOTHER SONG.

Soft sleeps the earth in moonlight blest;
Soft sleeps the bough above the nest;
O'er lonely depths the whip-poor-will
Breathes one faint note, and all is still.
Sleep, little darling: night is long,—
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.

About thy dream the drooping flower
Blows her sweet breath from hour to hour;
And white the great moon spreads her wings,
While low, while far, the dear earth swings
Sleep, little darling, all night long:
The winds shall sing thy slumber song.

Powers of the earth and of the air
Shall have thee in their mother-care;
And hosts of heaven, together prest,
Bend over thee, their last, their best.
Hush, little darling: from the deep
Some mighty wing shall fan thy sleep.

HARRIET P. SPOFFORD

For Every Other Sunday.

AMY AND THE BIRDS.

No. V. One March Day.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

"WOW!" said Sandy Sherman, looking up at Amy with bright, beseeching eyes.

"Sandy," cried Amy, "if you can't keep still, I shall just take you in and lock you up. I came out in the park to look for birds, not to play with you. If you had been shut up as long as I have, you wouldn't want your first real ramble spoiled by a little dog who likes to talk all the time, even if he has nothing to say."

Sandy stood still, anxiously looking at his friend. His sober face seemed to inquire if his reputation had utterly vanished. Amy was touched by his sadness, and said more graciously: "Never mind, dear. I suppose it is hard to keep still when one is very happy."

"I am sorry I troubled you," barked Sandy, very meekly and gently, for him. "If you don't mind, Miss Amy, I'll go down by the water and speak to some friends of mine."

In another moment he had hustled away; and, by the excited tones of duck and swan that came soon after, Amy concluded he must have met his friends without delay.

It was lovely in the park, even though the buds were only beginning to swell, and hardly the faintest hint of green had stolen up over the lawns.

But there was a softness in the blue sky overhead that told of the beautiful coming visitor.

The gardeners were turning up the soil in some of the beds, and it showed a rich brown. Amy sniffed up her little nose, and was sure she could smell it.

The sunshine was perfect gold in between the white cloud dapples that flecked the blue, and one bold maple near the lake had actually tipped some of its branches with coral.

Perhaps it seemed unusually lovely to Amy, because it was her first independent walk after weeks of illness.

In some mysterious way she had been taken with measles soon after her visit to Brighthopes; and, being such a delicate little girl, it had gone hard with her. Amy always looked back to that experience with shame and dread. She had not only suffered intensely, but had felt so cross and hateful during the time that it seemed to her as if she were the very naughtiest child in all the world.

But it was over now, and she had been going out for short walks and drives every day during the past week.



MADONNA AND EVANGELISTS — VERLAT.

Mr. Sherman was in Washington, and Bobbins had accompanied his mother to Lakewood. So Amy was obliged to care for herself and Sandy Sherman, who was privately enraged at having been left behind.

Her charge was not an easy one, as Sandy chased the white kitten daily, and indulged in all the little tricks usually forbidden by his master. His last exploit had been to capture a large bone in the kitchen, lug it upstairs, and deposit it carefully in grandma's easy-chair. The atmosphere had been so uncomfortable that Amy was glad to take the culprit out for a stroll.

She was sitting on a bench in the sunshine, just at the edge of a triangle of woods and shrubbery, where the birds were wont to congregate. The sparrows were chirping shrilly all about, and a pigeon or two cooed from the roof of the garden tool-house.

"I wish I could hear a real spring bird," said the child to herself. As if in answer to her desire, a ripple of song stole from the thicket close by.

She started in delight, her glance sweeping the thicket. A little gray and brown sparrow bird sat there, purring away like some happy pussy-cat, and trilling as gayly as any canary.

His breast was pale gray, shading almost to white, and heavily streaked with darkest brown in irregular vertical stripes. These seemed gathered into a black breast-knot on the very centre of his bosom, now throbbing and swelling with melody.

Amy knew from this that it was a song-sparrow: her bird book had made this clear.

She adjusted her glasses and tried to look at his head, but he persisted in keeping it out of sight.

In another moment he was away, across the avenue, and sat perched upon a young oak, still singing from pure joy. Amy followed, but just as she raised her glasses Mr. Song Sparrow whisked away into a belt of shrubbery bordering the Serpentine.

The little maid plunged in after him, quite forgetting park rules and regulations. The small boughs slapped her face, a long brier nearly tripped her up, but she scarcely thought of these

trifles. Such a chase as that little fellow in feather overcoat gave her! She no sooner approached him than he started in another direction. Finally, he flew across the water; and his sweet trill was heard from a wooded island near the opposite shore.

Amy was full of vexation and disappointment. The quick tears sprang to her eyes, and she gave a little angry stamp. Then she suddenly realized how foolish it was to act as if the bird were human and trying to tantalize her.

"Well, I did see him, even if I couldn't quite make out how his head was marked," she said to herself, as she picked her way out of the shrubbery toward the main path.

She passed a bit of waste ground, and noticed among the weeds some trim little birds in curious suits of rusty drab with soiled brownish-white vests.

They were piping away in the clearest little voices, and bobbing about so that it was hard to tell what they were like.

Amy noticed, however, some black and white markings, "just as if they had plaid shawls on their tails," so she reported to Grandma Stevens later.

At the sound of her foot-fall they, too, flew up and flitted away.

"Everything gets away from me," she thought sadly, the too ready tears springing to the surface again; for our little girl was still weak and delicate from her illness. But Amy had her reward after all.

She sat down to rest, when, lo! a song-sparrow, perhaps her old friend, settled on a bush in plain sight and but a few feet away, and began his airy trill.

There he perched, his little breast fairly throbbing with melody. Amy could see his head plainly now. It was dull brown with three gray bands, and a brown stripe on either side of his throat.

He gave three short call notes, winding up with a series of most ecstatic trills. Amy sat perfectly quiet, scarce daring to breathe; and the happy bird sang on for at least six or seven minutes. Only Sandy Sherman's bustling approach and a remark

uttered in his shrill, important voice broke the spell, and the song-sparrow again flew away.

Amy wrote an account of her walk to Mr. Tom, and in his reply he said as follows:—

"Your little birds with plaid shawls on their tails are doubtless goldfinches, just beginning to shed their winter clothes. Watch the weed patches, Amykin, and you'll soon see the fellows, fat as butter balls and in bright yellow suits. Each one has a black spot on the crown, like a Tam-o'-shanter tip-tilted. Each male has a black breast-pin, too, very stylish, and a good deal of black on wings and tail. You will notice also white markings like bands on the wings and white on the inner webs of the tails. Perhaps you may be so lucky as to be present at a goldfinch *matinée*. If so, I envy you; for the music is glorious."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

ONE day in huckleberry time,
When little Johnny Flails
And half a dozen other boys
Were starting with their pals
To gather berries, Johnny's pa,
When talking with him, said
That he could tell him how to pick
So he'd come out ahead.

"First find your bush," said Johnny's pa,
"And then stick to it till
You've picked it clean. Let those
Go chasing all about who will
In search of better bushes;
But it's *picking* tells, my son,—
To look at fifty bushes doesn't
Count like picking one."

And Johnny did as he was told;
And, sure enough, he found,
By sticking to his bush while
All the others chased around
In search of other picking,
"Twas as his father said;
For, while all others *looked*,
He *worked*, and soon came out ahead.

And Johnny recollected this
When he became a man;
And, first of all, he laid him out
A well-determined plan.
So, while the brilliant triflers failed,
With all their brains and push,
Wise, steady-going Johnny won
By "sticking to the bush."

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW THE CAMERAS SURPRISED MARY.

BY BERTHA LOUISE BOYD.

MARY had just been having her picture taken. She was a homely little girl, and she knew it. "Oh, dear," thought she, as she lay on the sofa waiting for the lunch-bell to ring, "how I do wish I was pretty!"

Suddenly she heard a queer little noise, as though some one was walking on stilts; and, almost before she could say "Jack Robinson," she found herself surrounded by all sorts and sizes of cameras.

The largest one said: "Good-morning, my dear. We've just run in on our tripods to make you a little call, for we have something to show you."

"I hope you have not any more pictures of me," said Mary, "for I am such a homely little girl."

"Wait and see what we think about that," said the large camera. "We have been taking your pictures for a long time, and we ought to know."

Then the littlest camera of all walked forward on her tripod, and showed Mary a picture. She

saw a fresh-air picnic out in the country. A little poor girl from the city was swinging under the shade-trees. The one who was swinging her was Mary. The poor little girl looked very happy. "I'm sure you looked pretty to that poor little child," said the camera.

Another camera showed Mary a picture of herself as she was asking some boys not to fire sling-shots at the birds. "Surely, the birds thought you were pretty," added that camera.

Then she saw a picture of herself as she was guiding a feeble old woman across a crowded street. "I heard the old woman say afterward that you had a beautiful expression," said that little camera.

The large camera showed Mary a picture taken while she was giving up something to her little brother that she wanted very much to keep herself.

"Why, I forgot all about that!" exclaimed Mary.

"That is because you were not thinking about yourself all the while," replied the camera.

Mary saw one more picture. In that she was showing some little girls how to do their lessons.

"We must run along now, my dear," said the large camera, "for this is a busy world. Always remember this: 'Handsome is that handsome does.'"

Just then the lunch-bell rang. "What a lovely dream!" thought Mary. "I am going to try to be kind all my life." And Mary was a very happy little girl.

For Every Other Sunday.

MOLLIE'S DARK DAY.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

DID you ever? Run away, I mean. I did—once. But I never will again. No, not if I live to be as old as Aunt Betsy down in Hull's Hollow.

You see the way of it was this:—

We—"we" means my cousin Tilly and myself, Mollie Ingalls—had nothing very interesting to do that day; and it was one of the particularly pleasant days, that make you feel like doing something particularly delightful.

"It's just the kind of a day to go somewhere," said Tilly, sitting down on a log beside the brook where we had been sailing chip boats.

Tilly was always running away, and I had been forbidden to go off with her.

"There is a cousin of ours, Anna Temple, who has moved up on High Street," said Tilly. "I have been to see her twice. She lived in Barrington then. She's the nicest girl to visit."

Then followed an animated description of the delightful games she had played and the beautiful books and playthings she had seen. "Most likely, if we go, she will play tea with her tea-set," said Tilly.

I said, oh, no, I could not go; but I kept thinking of it. My mother was away for the day, so I could not go home and ask her.

"I have a stick of gum in my pocket," said Tilly. "I will give you half of it, if you will go."

Did you ever notice how many wrong things come along, if you make a beginning? I had been forbidden to chew gum; but where was the harm for just once?

After I had begun to chew the gum, the sunshine did not look so pleasant.

"Now you will have to go, because you have taken the gum," said Tilly.

It could not have been more than two o'clock when we started. I walked slowly. "There is no hurry," I said to Tilly. And I told myself that I could stop any time if I chose, and go home.

But I could not make up my mind to turn my

back on all those delightful visions Tilly had conjured.

Tilly was much afraid of my slipping away from her. "I am sure," she said, "that, if your mother were at home, she would let you go. 'Tis relations you know, and just moved. They must be lonesome."

After that we walked along quite spry.

"I am Anna's cousin Tilly, and this her cousin Mollie," said Tilly, when we had knocked at the door, and a woman, who looked like a grandmother, peered out at us. "We have come to play with Anna."

The grandmother opened the door a little wider. Tilly squeezed in, and I followed, but felt rather chilled by such a welcome.

We sat down; and the grandmother went out, coming back with another woman, who, I thought, might be Anna's mother. She looked tired and cross, and had not put on her afternoon dress. But she was quite polite to us. She took our hats, and said the children would be in soon.

"There's a little girl," whispered Tilly, "I remember now. But I am not so much acquainted with her. Her name is Angie."

Anna and Angie came in, and sat down and stared at us; and we stared at them.

By and by Tilly spoke. "Can we look at a picture-book?"

"Go and get one of your books," said the grandmother, as Anna did not stir.

She went off rather unwillingly; and I whispered to Tilly, "I don't believe she is glad to see us."

"Yes, she is," said Tilly.

"Well, what makes her act so queer, then?"

"She will be all right when she gets acquainted," said Tilly.

"But you said you were acquainted."

"Oh, I am more acquainted with her than she is with me," said Tilly, serenely.

By this time the picture-book had come. Anna placed it in my lap, and then went back to her chair. While I was looking at the book, Tilly tried to be sociable with Anna and Angie.

The book was horrible,—all about a giant who chased a good little boy. It gave me the shivers, and I don't know what I should have done if that wicked great giant had not come to grief at last.

By the time I had finished the book Tilly and Anna were a little acquainted; but I couldn't help feeling that Anna did not care about our company, she sat up so stiff, and did not smile.

They did not bring out any playthings or propose to do anything; and, finally, Tilly said, "Can't we play something?"

Anna did not look as if she cared about it; but the grandmother said, "Go out in the other room and play."

The other room, or rooms, were bare, no carpets and no furniture. "We have just moved," said Anna; "and we are waiting for the man to come and put the carpets down. He said he would come to-day, but he didn't. Mother is 'most distracted.'"

I began to think I knew what made everybody act so queer. But they needn't have minded me.

There were three empty rooms, and Tilly said, "Let's play hide and seek."

So we played it; but Anna said we must not make much noise, because mother was so tired that she could not stand noise.

Now I knew sure that they did not want us, and they would be glad to have us go home.

It was a dismal game we played, we had to keep so still; and in every corner that I hid I saw the terrible giant. It was too lonely hiding in dark corners. As soon as I could get a chance, I said to Tilly, "Let's go home. I think it's about time for mother to come."

I told Anna we could not stay any longer, and

she brought our hats and did not ask us to stay longer or to come again. Most likely her mother thought we were the sort of children that would be running in there any time, and told Anna not to ask us. It made me feel so small to think of it.

It seemed like getting out of prison to step into the sunshine once more. It had been such a long, long time since I had been out there. To think all this lovely afternoon had been wasted in that dismal place!

"It wasn't as nice as you said," I observed to Tilly, who was remarkably quiet.

"N-n-no," said Tilly.

"And they never offered us a bit of luncheon."

"No-n-no," said Tilly.

"And your gum is bitter, Tilly Morris; and I never will believe any more of your stories."

I threw away the gum; and what with thinking of the dismal afternoon and the dismal prospect at home when mother should find out I had been visiting, as she was sure to, I was about the most miserable girl you ever saw.

Mother always expected me to be especially good when she was away; and to-night I should have nothing pleasant to tell her, and should be punished for disobeying her.

When I got home, I walked up and down the road to the railroad station, as far as I was allowed to go, to meet her. And, when I saw her coming, I knew that she was very tired; and my feeble hopes of being pardoned died.

But I made my plea just the same.

"What would you do if I had been very naughty to-day?" I began.

"Do? I don't know," said mother, not taking much notice. I had expected she would be angry at once.

"I'll never do it again," I said, following close beside her to keep watch of her face, "if you won't punish me this time. Will you promise not to punish me, if I tell you?"

"No, I will not punish you," said mother. I could hardly believe my ears.

"Not if it was very, very naughty?" I said, fearing she had no idea how bad I had been.

"No."

"Well, I went visiting to Cousin Anna Temple's, and I chewed gum; and I had the miserablest time, just the miserablest time. I couldn't think of anything all the afternoon but the giant and the gum, and how I had run away."

I held my breath, but mother walked on quietly. I could not believe my good fortune. I have often wondered about it, and all I can think about it is that mother saw I had been punished enough already.

That evening a lady called; and, seeing me so quiet, she said, "You have a good little girl, Mrs. Ingalls."

I was greatly distressed then, fearing the story of my naughtiness would be told.

"Yes," said mother. "Mollie is generally a pretty good little girl."

A hard bunch came up in my throat. I had to swallow very fast, and I did not dare look up again while the lady was there. But you can't think how glad I was!

That night I made up my mind that such a good mother ought to have a very good little girl; and I asked God never, never, never to let me disobey her again, and never to make her sorry.

It don't pay, anyway. You never have a good time when you are naughty. At least, I am sure I don't.

BOB WHITE.

Just now, beyond the turmoil and the din
Of crowded streets that city walls shut in,
I heard the whistle of a quail begin,

"Bob White! Bob White!"

So faintly and far away falling,

It seems that a dream voice was calling

"Bob White! Bob White!"

How the old sights and sounds come thronging,
And thrill me with a sudden longing!

Through quiet country lanes the sunset shines.

Fence corners where the wild rose climbs and
twines,

And blooms in tangled blackberry vines.

"Bob White! Bob White!"

I envy yon home-going swallow,

Oh, but swiftly to rise and follow,—

Follow its flight,

Follow it back with happy flying,

Where green-clad hills are calmly lying!

Wheat fields whose golden silences are stirred

By whirring insect wings, and naught is heard

But plaintive callings of that one sweet word,

"Bob White! Bob White!"

And a smell of the clover growing

In the meadow lands ripe for mowing,

All red and white,

Over the shady creek comes sailing,

Past willows in the water trailing.

Tired heart, 'tis but in dreams I turn my feet,

Again to wander in the ripening wheat

And hear the whistle of the quail repeat,

"Bob White! Bob White!"

But, oh! there is joy in the knowing

That somewhere green pastures are growing,

Though out of sight.

And the light on those church spires dying

On the old home meadow is lying.

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

ANIMALS THAT SET WATCHES.

IT is well known that many animals appoint one or more of their number to act as sentinels to guard against surprise while the rest are asleep or feeding or at play. Among the animals—using the word in its widest sense—that are thus prudent may be named the following: wasps, ants, chamois and other antelopes, prairie-dogs, wild horses, rooks, swans, Australian cockatoos, zebras, quails, certain monkeys, flamingoes, New Zealand silver-eyes, shags and other birds, marmots, mouflon and other sheep, seals, African wild cattle, huanacoos, elephants, etc. These watchers have been fitly called real guardians of the safety of their fellows.

Little Folks.

For Every Other Sunday.

BEGINNING AT HOME.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

WE frequently hear it said that charity should begin at home, and so it should.

Not only charity, but everything that is sweetest and best and most gracious in life should begin at home. It follows as the night the day that the boy who is kind and courteous in his own home to the members of his own family will be kind and courteous when he is away from home. The girl who is habitually sweet-tempered and gentle in her manners at home will not be anything else elsewhere. The real test of character is always to be found in the home. To whom do we owe a higher duty than to father and mother and the other members of our own family circle? I know a boy who is, at the early age of twelve years, nothing more nor less than a humbug. He

is a hypocrite, who steadily sails under false colors. If he meets you on the street, he tips his cap and bows most courteously, which causes those who know him to say, "What a nice, polite boy Edward K. is!"

He is apparently ready to do any one a favor; and he has the general reputation of being such a jolly, good-natured boy. When I hear him being praised for his many virtues, I feel like saying, as one of his mates once said to some one who was holding Edward up as an example, "I just wish that you could see the way he carries on when he is at home."

Now it is a fact that the way in which this seemingly nice and kind and polite boy "carries on" in his own home is something as disgusting as it is deplorable. He rarely has a kind or pleasant word to say. He is selfish to the last degree. He is openly discourteous to his sisters, he steadily lacks in respect to his mother, and he does not hesitate to be rude and unkind to his old grandmother who lives in his home. But the moment he leaves his own home he begins to affect all of the qualities the real lack of which causes him to be "such a terror" to the members of his own family. Now isn't he or any other boy of this sort a humbug? Hands up! I am sure that I see the hands of hundreds of true boys and girls who read this. A boy of this kind, unless he reforms, is sure to be a tyrant in the home he may make for himself when he is a man. He should take to heart these words: "Hypocrisy is folly. It is much easier, safer, and pleasanter to be the thing which one aims to appear than to keep up the appearance of being what he is not." He cannot help holding himself in contempt at times, and he is always deserving of the contempt of others.

Let not only charity, but every sweet and gracious thing that adds to the beauty and fullness of life have its beginning and its highest expression in one's own home; but do not let it end there. This would be about as bad as to have it begin abroad and end at home. But I do not believe that it ever happens that those who are habitually polite and courteous at home are something else when away from home.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE PARROT.

BY THOMAS D. BERGEN

ONCE upon a time there was a man who taught his parrot to speak Latin. One day the parrot made her escape into the woods. Immediately a crowd of native birds flew up to inspect and admire her gorgeous green and red plumage. Poll was very vain, and started to show her superiority over the other birds by repeating a great many Latin words. This feat astonished the native birds. A fox, passing by chance, raised his head and saw the great flock of birds listening to the chatter of the gaudily dressed stranger. Seeing that Poll was guying the simple songsters, Master Reynard asked her to be so kind as to hop down a limb to a lower perch. She did so, and at once commenced to pour out Latin on him. But he asked her to explain just what it was she kept saying. Poll looked first up, then down. She turned about in an embarrassed sort of way, and finally had to own up that she did not really know. Reynard began to laugh. The little birds felt quite mortified at their ignorance of Poll's trying to trick them. They drove her out of the wood, and nearly pecked her to death for her impudence.

Remember the great value and truth of President Lincoln's saying: "You can trick some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time; but you can't trick all the people all the time."

As soft wax is apt to take the stamp of the seal, so are the minds of young children to receive the instruction imprinted on them. PLUTARCH.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE Editor is far from the usual spot where he is accustomed to write the "Chair." Indeed, so distant is he that a wide ocean separates him from the Boston sanctum; and he pens these lines in "the biggest city of the world," London. Yet by the time our readers are in possession of this number of *Every Other Sunday* the Editor will be back upon his native soil. He greets you all just as heartily as though no miles of tossing water intervened, and takes up the pleasures (and duties) of his editorial life with renewed vigor. Again another volume of the story, picture, and teaching, begins. We hope to keep all our old (young) friends, and add many more. The encouraging light of last year's prosperity shines upon the plans and hopes we have before us. It is in good taste, we think, to say that *Every Other Sunday* meets a real need in our Sunday Schools and homes, and that its pages contain things of interest, profitable for mind and conscience. No judgment is more severe than the Editor's upon the shortcomings of this publication, but an explanation of their causes would prove that many of them spring from circumstances which are unavoidable. If (so much lies in that little word), if our Sunday Schools were more numerous, if we could charge more in the subscription, if we could publish every week, if many other considerations, then some changes, some improvements, might be made.

But these "ifs" being impossible, we propose to go forward as heretofore with our kind friends and well-wishers, thankful, happy, and useful to the extent of our opportunity. Sitting here in England and holding our work at a distance, we think of what we should like to do. We want to interest the young people, we hope to help teachers, we aim to set forth a cheerful religion. There is a vast amount of reading matter for the young provided to-day; yet we believe our paper has a distinct place, and offers something worthy careful attention. Many a truth has been enforced by our stories, and supplies for character-building are abundantly conveyed in these columns.

May our greeting from the Old World find our returning members of Sunday Schools joyous with many vacation memories! The Editor has his full portion. He could tell a tale of rich experience in this land of stirring history, our "Old Home." But there is not space here and now. Perhaps some of it may come out from time to time along the bi-monthly way. He went away weary, he returns refreshed. He closed the last volume with a sigh, he opens a new one with eagerness. We hope that our readers are looking for the reappearance of this regular visitor, and have missed it somewhat, even during the summer days.

We invite anew the cordial assistance of all. An editor is helpless alone. Let suggestions be freely sent, tell us frankly where you would like changes, send in contributions for editorial consideration,—in fact, treat *Every Other Sunday* as a friend, in whom you have a real interest.

Teachers can aid by narrating in brief, attractive form, incidents in class-work. Ministers can help by sending in parable sermons and sketches of ethical situations. Brevity, brightness, and brains are the marks of a good article. No one can hit these every time, but they are the desirable objects in writing for young people.

Let us, then, go forward "together."

Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THEIR COLORS.

THEY perched in a row on the garden gate,
Little lads two and one little maid,
Bobby and Benny and serious Kate,
Thoughtfully watching a rainbow fade.

"Which of the colors do you like best?"
Serious Kate in the silence said.

Bob's round eyes followed from east to west
The marvellous arch, and he answered, "Red;

"Because it's the brightest. Which do you?"

Kate considered; but Ben replied,

"Blue's the prettiest,—I like blue;

And mother says it's the best, beside.

"The sea and the sky are both of 'em blue,
And the prettiest flowers, and the baby's eyes.

So she likes it best, and I like it, too;

And it's better than red," says Ben the wise.

But then spoke Kate with a long, long stare —

A puzzled stare — at the fading bow :

"The color I like best isn't there.

My color is eatable brown, you know."

"Your color is *what?*" cried Bobby and Ben,

Forgetting the claims of blue and red;

And "eatable brown," said Kate again,

"Like m'lasses candy and gingerbread,

"And fried potatoes and buckwheat cakes,

And maple sugar and chocolate creams,

And the crispy cookies that gran'ma makes,

And buns and crullers. It almost seems

"As if goodies were always brown," said she,—

Kate with the soulful eyes and sweet;

"And that's why I like it the best, you see,—

Because it's the color that's nice to eat!"

One little maiden and little lads two

Solemnly all from the gate climbed down.

Forgotten the claims of the red and the blue,—

They raided the pantry for eatable brown.

St. Nicholas.

The young boys that went to Athens the first year were wise men; the second year, philosophers, lovers of wisdom; the third year, mere orators; and the fourth but plebeians, and understood nothing but their own ignorance.

MENDEMUS.

LETTER-BOX.

It has been evident that this department of *Every Other Sunday* holds a prominent place in the goodwill and liking of our readers. The elders join with the young people in contributing and deciphering the contents. We open the Letter-Box feeling confident that it will be filled, as of old, with good things. Our youngest contributors must remember the rules of newspapers. Write on one side of the letter sheet, and use ink, not a pencil. Send in the best enigmas, puzzles, and the like you can invent or find. Tell us about your Sunday School. Here is a hearty welcome to you all.

BARRE, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy your paper from beginning to end. I go to the Unitarian church. The pastor is Rev. A. F. Bailey. Enclosed please find answers to the "tea puzzle."

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE H. JENKINS.

SHARON, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday School. I like very much to read the stories and make out the puzzles in the *Every Other Sunday*. I go to Sunday School almost every Sunday.

Yours respectfully,

MAUDE BRYANT.

WILLIMANTIC, CONN.

Dear Editor,—I attend the Unitarian Sunday School. Rev. S. R. Free is our pastor. I was much interested in the puzzle containing the thirty concealed animals in the *Every Other Sunday*. I send herewith a list of the animals found. This is my first letter to the *Every Other Sunday*.

From

RAY C. COMINS.

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy the *Every Other Sunday* very much. I send you some beheaded words and the answers. Last fall I sent you some twisted flowers.

Your little friend,

DOROTHY Q. LANE.

DRESS PUZZLE.

ADD a letter to something worn on the head, and get the opposite of love.

ADD two letters to something worn on a lady's neck, and get bent over.

ADD one letter to something worn on the neck, and get a tree.

ADD three letters to something worn on a man's body, and get a robe.

ADD two letters to something worn on the body, and get a piece of kitchen furniture.

ADD a letter to something worn on the head, and get something worn on the shoulders. *Lzchange.*

CHARADE.

My first is standard value,
My last all value destroys.
My whole, extremely loquacious,
Entertains, and sometimes annoys.

E. P. P.

ANAGRAM.

LESBSED rae hte keme ofr hyte halsl hrineti het
atthe. JESSIE J. LAKE.

ENIGMA I.

I AM composed of 17 letters.

My 7, 8, 9, is the early part of night.

My 14, 15, 5, 6, is not soft.

My 1, 2, is short for a boy's name.

My 3, 11, 13, is opposite of dry.

My 4, 16, 17, is a kind of drink.

My 10, 4, 3, is not cooked.

My 12, 4, 5, is something we put around trees.

My whole is a greatly loved minister in Boston.

GRACE E. BENNETT.

ENIGMA II.

I AM composed of 27 letters.

My 2, 3, 4, 17, is a sacred poem.

My 2, 5, 4, is the border of a garment.

My 7, 23, 1, is a domestic animal.

My 7, 23, 6, runs on a railway.

My 10, 8, 20, is used in making soap.

My 10, 14, 22, is a falsehood.

My 13, 9, 11, 12, is part of a house.

My 13, 14, 15, 19, we keep in a cupboard.

My 16, 26, 17, is a hotel.

My 16, 7, 25, is on water in winter.

My 27, 18, 11, 24, 25, is in the kitchen.

My 27, 21, 8, is hesitant.

My whole is in Psalms.

AUNTIE BETH.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Boston.

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(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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